

*Songs from
Sightless Land*

HOWARD W. POPE

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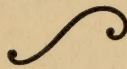
Songs from sightless land.

SONGS FROM SIGHTLESS LAND

By

HOWARD W. POPE

Author of *What Every Christian Needs to Know*,
Second Timothy 2:15, Evangelism



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CONCERNING THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK

For more than eight years Mr. Pope was Superintendent of Men at the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. As Bible Teacher and Extension Worker he was for twenty years associated with the work of Dwight L. Moody at Northfield and Chicago. Previous to this he was Financial Agent for the Connecticut Home Missionary Society and an Associate Secretary of the International Christian Workers Association. He also had eighteen years in the pastorate, during which time he was active in the convention work of the Christian Endeavor movement. He is also one of the principal tract writers of the country, his "Little Preachers" having had a circulation of millions in this and other lands, some being translated into Chinese and Arabic.

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Preface

WHEN I realized that I was hopelessly blind, it is needless to say that it gave me a terrible shock. To sit in darkness day after day for months and years with nothing to do, and of no particular use, is not a pleasing prospect. And yet this is just what I faced. When the outward world was closed to me, I found that my spiritual vision was quickened. What I have learned about my Saviour and myself is ample compensation for whatever privations I may have incurred. I think I can truthfully say that the few years in which I have been blind, have been the happiest years of my life. If ever a mortal had occasion to thank God for His goodness, I am that man.

Here I wish to pay a just tribute to my dear wife, who through all our married life has been untiring in her devotion, sympathy and helpfulness. I have often said that if I find two stars in my crown, she shall have one of them.

At the request of many friends, this little book is sent out with the hope and prayer that those who read the poems may find as much pleasure and profit as I have found in writing them.

THE AUTHOR

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In Sightless Land

AND so we sit in Sightless Land!
And try to make men understand,
How precious Jesus Christ can be
To those who can or cannot see.
And this may cause you some surprise—
That we use fingers for our eyes;
We feel our way from place to place,
And by your voice we read your face.

There is this joy in Sightless Land—
One can do wonders with the hand;
We buy Coronas, let me say,
And learn to use them in a day;
Then we can write and pass along
God's messages in prose and song;
And surely every day will bring
Some chance to serve our God and King.

The radio brings to the blind
The richest treasures of the mind;
The finest concerts,—lectures, too—
About the Old World and the New;
Our God has given us His best,
And we can trust Him for the rest;
With opportunities galore,
We surely cannot ask for more.

We are a large and happy band
Who live and work in Sightless Land;
It does not seem to us a curse,
And all agree it might be worse.
Thank God you're not in Sightless Land!
And use your eyes to understand
The needs of this great human race,
And live to serve them by God's grace.

God's Jewels

“MY jewels,” saith the Lord of Hosts,
“My jewels,” saith the Holy Ghost,
“These are the gems I claim as Mine—
These are the gems through which I shine.”
A sinner may become a saint,
If he believes, and does not faint;
For God accepteth any man
Who comes according to His plan.

The diamond is a precious stone,
And stands in beauty quite alone;
But every diamond in the rough,
Looks dark and cloudy, dull enough;
A diamond is the hardest stone,
And can be cut by that alone.
So, when they cut away the crust,
They use both diamonds and the dust.

And thus the discipline of life
Grows out of selfishness and strife,
Which we encounter when we meet
The people in our home or street;
Who, like the diamond, slowly grind
The roughness from our heart and mind,
That we some day may sparkle, shine,
With beauty brilliant and divine.

Christ is the lapidary Who
Lets loose the beauty, hid from view,
Concealed within the lovely gem,
Fit for a royal diadem.
By human touch and art divine
He makes it glisten, sparkle, shine—
And some day God will choose and set
This jewel in His coronet.

Open My Eyes

OPEN my eyes, that I may see
Anything wrong that grieveth Thee;
Pardon my sin, Thy grace impart,
And let Thy Spirit fill my heart.

Open my eyes, that I may see
The self-love which so hideth Thee;
Burn out the dross until I shine,
And Thou can'st see Thy face in mine.

Open my eyes, that I may see
The duty that devolves on me;
Make me content to bear the load;
Supply Thy strength along the road.

Open my eyes, that I may see
Each day my opportunity;
May I not miss a single chance,
Or fail of Thine approving glance.

Open my eyes, to see and sing
The splendid praises of our King,
The beauty of His holy face,
The wonders of His matchless grace.

Success

Success in life does not depend
Upon the fact one has a friend;
Or on his health or wealth or face,
Or on his creed, or on his race;
But on the fact that he can see
Each day, some way, on land or sea,
To aid mankind and serve the Lord,
And live with both in sweet accord.

Lessons From a Rose

UPON a trellis near my door,
A rose-bush climbed up from the floor;
And where the vine had ample room,
A beautiful white rose did bloom.
I watched it daily as it grew,
Unfolding each day petals new;
Of all my flowers, that one I chose—
That fragrant, beautiful, white rose.

I longed to have it for my hair,
But could not reach it—way up there;
Like all choice things, it hung quite high,
Like rainbows, hanging in the sky.
One day I stood upon my toes,
And, with great effort, reached that rose;
I told my friends, with radiant eyes,
I felt as if I'd won a prize.

That rose I never could forget,
Its lessons linger with me yet;
If we look up and do our best,
Life's richest prizes we shall wrest.
For all good gifts come from above—
From Him who taught us how to love;
The upward look, the loving heart,
If we have these—we'll do our part.

The Worth of a Boy

A boy who is honest, kind and true
Is worth a million, and possibly two;
When all commend him and say he is fine,
I answer, "You are right—that boy is mine!"

Hidden Treasure for All*

WHEN all the wealth of ancient lore
And modern research, too—
Are gathered into one vast store,
And set before our view—
We find that there is nothing new
Which is not in God's Word;
Where He has shown what man will do
Before it has occurred.

For God has left His finger-prints
On each created thing;
And rock and stream and leaf, each hints
That Jesus is their King.
To keep us warm, the forest died
A million years ago;
A picture of Christ crucified
To save from sin and woe.

And all this wisdom shall be ours
In God's own time and way;
But, He can use our ransomed powers
To hasten that glad day.
For Christ will reproduce His life
In every mind and heart,
Which yields obedience without strife,
To all He may impart.

Search for this treasure in God's Word,
In earth, and sky and sea;
Then give it out as the good Lord
Reveals it unto thee.
But when a billion years have gone,
We'll find that even then—
We're far behind what God's dear Son
Is able to give men.

* "In Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" (Col. 2:3)

Just Bells

WHAT a variety of bells!
And each its special message tells;
Some call to factory or store,
And some to worship and adore.
At six the Angelus is heard
Before one-half the world has stirred;
And next we hear the breakfast bell,
Which welcome sound we know so well.

And all day long new bells we hear—
Some warn us and some bring us cheer;
Where trains rush by at lightning speed,
The “Stop—Look—Listen” bell we heed.
How blessed are the Sabbath bells—
To shut-ins, yes, to prison cells;
To worshipers of every creed,
Who, one and all, God’s mercy need.

Who does not love the wedding bells!
Right merrily their message tells—
The union of two happy lives—
An old-time custom which survives.
And when we die, may angels sing;
The Golden bells, may they, too, ring—
For you and me, for you and me,
When we the Savior’s face shall see.

Suppose There Should Be No Tomorrow

Suppose there should be no to-morrow,
That this age should end to-night.
Are you headed for joy or sorrow?
Are you sure that you are right?

The Rainbow on the Cloud

A RAINBOW has to have a cloud,
Or else it cannot be;
It needs a background so endowed
That we the light can see.
A rainbow also needs a storm
Whose drops are full of tears;
The dry clouds a fine sunset form,
But no rainbow appears.

The rainbow has to have an eye
Its wondrous tints to see,
As it appears upon the sky,
Delighting you and me.
A rainbow also needs the sun,
Whose rays through each drop shine,
Disclosing beauties to each one—
Hand-painted and Divine.

Seven colors then to us appear,
With all their varied shades,
Of fourteen hundred which are clear,*
Before the light all fades.
When trouble comes and sorrow sore,
And your heart cries aloud,
Be sure and call to mind once more
The rainbow on the cloud.

For when your heart by grief is stirred,
And no relief seems near,
The voice of Jesus will be heard:
"My child, be of good cheer."
Remember, Jesus is our King,
And He rules all below,
And plans to make our sad hearts sing
When we see His rainbow.

* This number of shades was shown at a textile exhibition.

Black Mammy

LIKE Hannah, who did oft repine,
I had no chile I could call mine;
And so I loved the neighbors' boys,
And took delight in all their joys.
When little fellows stubbed their toes,
I bound them up and hushed their woes;
I fed them with molasses cake
And this I did for Jesus' sake—
Jus' old Black Mammy.

One day our Massa's wife, she died
And left a baby by her side;
It was so feeble and so small,
We thought it could not live at all;
When Massa heard the baby cry
And saw the nurse sit idly by,
He whispered just a single word,
But loud enough so that we heard—
"Get old Black Mammy!"

That boy seemed like my very own,
As if he were my flesh and bone;
I took that baby to my heart,
And of it he became a part.
I fanned him when the day was warm,
Sang him to sleep upon my arm;
I shielded him from noise and strife,
And loved that baby back to life—
Jus' old Black Mammy.

As he grew up I watched his play,
And told him to be kind alway;
I said he'd better lose a game
Than tell a lie, which was a shame.
I read to him from God's own Word
The stories of our blessed Lord;
I heard him say his prayer at night,
And taught him always to do right—
Jus' old Black Mammy.

When his division went abroad,
I kept his name before the Lord,
Reminding Him of my dear boy,
Of arts the devil would employ;
I prayed that God would hold him fast,
And save his precious soul at last.
Some nights I prayed till break of day,
And often fainted dead away—
Jus' old Black Mammy.

Dear Lord, you spared not your own Son,
But let Him die for us—each one—
Should not Thy children do the same,
And suffer for another's blame?
I know I long have been Thy chile,
But my old soul is not worth while;
So in John's case, if there is doubt,
Please take him in and jus' leave out—
His old Black Mammy.

“It Can’t Be Done”

THEY said it of the first steamboat,
“We know it can’t be done.”
But soon, they saw it proudly float,
And found it *could* be done.
They said it of the telegraph,
And of the telephone;
But now we hear men talk and laugh
A thousand miles from home.

They said it of the cablegram,
And of the motor car;
But now we daily hear Potsdam,
Or cable China, far.
And automobiles are so thick
On any crowded street,
One needs a clear, cool brain to pick
A safe path for his feet.

They said it of the airship, too,
And those beneath the sea;
But one day Lindbergh simply flew
From Gotham to Paree.
Should coming years new needs disclose,
We’ll meet them, one by one;
For God will show us what He knows,
And prove it *can* be done.

Defective Vision

Some ears are dull of hearing,
Some eyes devoid of sight;
Some hearts have little feeling,
Some minds no sense of right.

An Easter Message

I AM a servant of the King
To Whom we all belong;
To all His servants now I bring
A message great and strong.
Our King upon the Cross has died,
That we might be forgiven;
He on the Cross was crucified
That we might live in Heav'n.

Our King has died but still doth live
More truly than before;
For God His only Son did give
That we live evermore.
O Easter Day, O Easter Day!
How happy should we be
To hear our blest Redeemer say:
"Ye, too, shall rise with me."

This is our day of victory
O'er death and o'er the grave,
When Christ brings immortality
To all whom He shall save.
O haste, ye servants of our King,
Go East, West, everywhere—
His message tell, His glories sing,
That lost men all may share.

When sinners everywhere shall hear
The message that we bring,
Then will our Lord once more appear,
And we rise with our King.
Then, in the Glory Land above,
Before Him we shall stand,
And sing of our Redeemer's love,
With those of ev'ry land.

The Voices of Nature

GOD gave to everything a voice,
As well as unto man;
That all creation should rejoice,
Was His eternal plan.
And all creation doth reply
In songs of hearty praise
To Him who dwells beyond the sky
Directing all its ways.

The forest is alive with song,
For birds nest in the trees;
And there at night, and all day long
Their music fills the breeze.
The hillside and the valleys sing
In rustle of the leaves;
The tinkle of the cowbell rings,
God hears the hum of bees.

The ocean beats upon the shore,
Or lashes it with foam,
Advancing, turning evermore,
Repeating its sad moan.
Or God's great organ in the sky
Peals forth in thunder tones;
And lightning flashing far and nigh,
Brings fear to those alone.

All Nature is alive with song,
And offers grateful praise
Which has no breath of sin or wrong,
And knows no evil ways.
Shall man alone ungrateful be,
When God spared not His Son,
But let Him die on Calvary
For sins that we had done?

Forbid it, Lord that we should live,—
And even die in shame—
Enjoying all that Thou doth give,
But praising not Thy Name.
Lord, teach us every day to thank
And bless Thy wondrous grace,
Lest we should be a blot—a blank—
Creation's one disgrace.


It Might Be Worse

W^HATEVER accident befall,
Whatever danger may appall,
Whatever sorrow you recall—
It might be worse.

Whatever suffering or pain,
Whatever loss you may sustain,
Be patient and do not complain—
He knoweth best.

Though you may fill a humble place,
And fall behind in life's swift race,
God will sustain you by His grace—
Then trust the Lord.

And when the school of life is out,
Not harassed by a single doubt,
We'll leave this old world with a shout—
For Glory Land.



Our Baby

I LOVE to see him wiggle,
And love to see him creep,
I love to see him wide awake,
Or see him sound asleep.

I love to see him in the bath,
Just learning how to swim;
I love to see him drink his milk,
And pucker up his chin.

I love him in his nightie,
Or in a pinafore;
I love to see him all dressed up,
Or rolling on the floor.

He's a daisy, he's a darling, he's a dump-
ling all in one;
He's the finest new creation beneath the
shining sun.

I'm glad he smiles so merrily,
And loves to smash his toys;
He wouldn't be our baby,
If he didn't make a noise.

He seems to be a tyrant,
And likes to work his Ma;
And day by day is learning,
To get the best of Pa.



He now controls the family,
And soon will run the store;
And then aspire to boss the town,
And rule the world galore.

But that is baby nature,
Which parents gladly waive;
It follows us persistently,
From cradle to the grave.

- One thing alone can cure it,
And that comes from above;
The grace of God through Jesus Christ,
Can make us truly love.

I hope he'll be a preacher,
When he becomes a man,
And make the name of Jesus,
As attractive as he can.

He's in a line of preachers,
Too num'rous to recall;
I hope that he will prove to be,
The very best of all.

The strangest thing about it is,
(As now I do recall),
That I only *think* I see him,
When I do not see at all.

He's a daisy, he's a darling, he's a dump-
ling all in one;
He's the sweetest bite of baby meat be-
neath the shining sun.

What Is Home Without a Baby?

WHAT is home without a baby,
When you've had one there for years?
One who rested you when weary,
One who smiled away your tears.
How you listen for the patter
Of those little feet once more;
How you long to hear the chatter
Of your darling, at the door.

O how precious are the tokens
Of that baby in your home—
Little shoes and playthings broken,
Finger prints which make you moan.
Little pictures of your treasure,
Little curls of golden hair,
Make your tears o'erflow the measure,
And you weep, and do not care.

O our God, how much we miss him,
Miss our darling baby boy;
Can our eyes be aught but tear-dimmed,
Can our heartache, aught destroy?
Yes, the blessed name of Jesus,
Who has taken back His own;
He can use this loss to bless us,
Use, to sanctify our home.

What We Can Give

A word of sympathy or cheer,
Some kindness on our part—
Will often dry another's tear,
Or heal a broken heart.

Abraham Lincoln

HE was our greatest President,
And nobly did he represent
Our principles on sea and land,
And let the nations understand
That we could settle our affairs
Without advice or help of theirs;
But if they needed friendly aid,
We were the friends of all, he said.

He was a Lawyer keen, astute,
In any question or dispute;
He rested not until he saw
The principle behind the law;
He made the law as clear as day,
Until there seemed no other way;
He did his best and then sat down,
And never feared the people's frown.

He was a Martyr to the cause
Of freedom, and of righteous laws;
He long had felt that some day he
Would give the slaves their liberty;
Just how or when, he could not tell,
But when and where, God knew quite well;
He was prepared to pay the price,
And gave his life a sacrifice.

He was a Christian Gentleman,
Sincere in every word and plan;
And in the months of fiercest fight,
He toiled all day and prayed at night;
Eternal Justice was his creed,
And he was sure it would succeed;
And since he sought not earth's renown,
God gave him an Immortal Crown.

How I Lost My Song

(Tune: "Old Black Joe")

WHERE is the joy which once I used to know,
When first I learned that Jesus loved me so?
Where is the peace which used to flood my soul,
When waves of grief and trouble round about did roll?

Dear Lord, I see where I have done Thee wrong,
Yes, Lord, I see how I have lost my song;
I heard the "Come," but did not hear the "Go"—
Disciple all the world till everyone shall know.

Here, Lord, I give to Thee my heart and hand,
Now, Lord, I will obey Thy last command;
Send me where'er the foot of man hath trod,
That I may show benighted souls the way to God.

Lord, have compassion that I was so blind,
And failed to understand Thy gracious mind;
When all the earth has heard Thy last command,
The Bridegroom will return, to claim His dear Bride's
hand.

CHORUS:

He's coming, He's coming, He's coming soon again;
For angel voices have not promised us in vain.

Suspense

WE all can bear both sorrow, pain,
Although it costs a heavy strain;
And even burdens quite immense,
But not—a lingering suspense.

The hardest trial that we bear,
And which our patience more doth wear,
Is long suspense—year after year,—
Between faint hope and mighty fear.

Recognizing Opportunity

SOME people live in days gone by
And view the present with a sigh;
All good things came in early days,
But now there's nothing left to praise.
Yet others in the future live,
And to it their attention give:
They'll go to school and make a name,
Or gain great wealth, and power, or fame.

Some curse the day that they were born,
And make their home and life forlorn;
For they face poverty, ill health,
While others have abundant wealth.
The chance which in the present lies,
They always fail to recognize;
The golden days which now are here,
They overlook because so near.

Longfellow's wife was burned to death—
A loss which almost took his breath.
His mourning time was very brief,
For then he wrote to drown his grief,
Translating Dante day and night,
And writing with a fierce delight,
The finest poems of his art
Were written from a broken heart.

The present is for us the best,
And has a harvest like the rest;
Which we can reap right where we are,
Far better than in fields afar.
Success does not depend on place,
Or health, or wealth, or handsome face,
But on the fact that one can see
A golden opportunity.

The Mystery of Grace

IN an asylum for deaf mutes,
A godly man once stood;
And by him an interpreter
To make plain what he could.
“Why is it,” asked the godly man,
That I can speak and hear,
While not a single one of you
Can use his tongue or ear?

A sudden silence fell on all,
A strange, bewildered look;
No one responded to his call,
Or from him their eyes took.
Then a bright boy held up his hand,
As if he would reply;
He quickly walked up to the stand,
And held a crayon high.

Upon the blackboard he did write
Words which all understood;
“Even so, Father, in Thy sight,
It seemeth to be good.”
The truth flashed into every heart,
A smile came to each face;
God’s Word can always best impart
The mystery of grace.

Here is a lesson for us all,
For all are born to grief;
On each one there is sure to fall
Sorrow, with no relief.
But this sweet comfort still remains—
By God it’s understood;
And though we never can explain,
We know that God is good.

Yes, God is good—is always good,
He dwelleth in the light;
His ways may not be understood,
But we are sure they're right.
We'll trust Him when we cannot see,
Obey Him day by day;
And each will say, "He leadeth me
Home by His perfect way."

Water Turned to Wine

AT Cana Christ was asked to dine,
And there a wonder wrought;
He turned the water into wine,
And won a fame unsought.

When trouble comes and friends are few,
Or when our strength declines,
The Lord discloses something new—
Turns water into wine.

And so all through our life we find,
When we have used our all,
The Lord has had our need in mind,
And hears our "hurry call."

And when we reach the end of life,
And Heaven's sun doth shine,
We leave behind all sin and strife—
Life's water turns to wine.

Commit Thy Way Unto the Lord

COMMIT thy way unto the Lord
And trust in His unchanging Word;
He'll guide thee safely all the way
And guard and keep thee night and day.

What if thy path be rough and steep
And sorrow cause thine eyes to weep,
Thy Savior knows thy bitter cup
And His strong arm will hold thee up.

What if thy children go astray
And walk not in the narrow way—
Commit them all to Jesus' care—
Then pray—and love—and leave them there.

What if thy wealth be swept away,
Thy home bereft in one short day—
In paths like these men oft have trod,
And found they led them home to God.

True Happiness

WHO would be happy every day,
Must give some happiness away.
If I give happiness to you,
I'm sure to find enough for two;
But if I please myself alone,
I find my happiness has flown.

The secret of a happy life,
Is not alone to keep from strife;
Nor to be simply cheerful, gay,
Though that is good in every way;
But if real happiness you'd see,
There must some self-denial be.

In Slumber Land

WHEN GOD appointed day and night,
With sun and moon to furnish light,
He also made by that command
A region known as Slumber Land.
“What is a dream?” we often ask;
To answer it is no small task;
A dream is something we can’t keep—
It’s moving pictures in our sleep.

We do strange things in Slumber Land,
Things which one cannot understand;
In dream we see ourselves as dead,
And even hear what may be said.
Awakened by an awful crash,
We see a robber raise the sash—
And find the cause of our bad dream—
The cat upset a dish of cream!

In dream we see our childhood days—
The attic where we used to play,
The trundle bed where we did lie,
With mother keeping watch near by,
The schoolhouse where we used to go,
The boys and girls we used to know—
All these come back to us in dream
As lifelike, as they used to seem.

In dream we go to far Japan,
Without the aid of ship or man,
And then we may return again,
Although our bodies here remain.
Or, we may sail around the world,
And see a score of flags unfurled—
Come back where we were born and bred,
And find we have not left our bed.

Blest Galilee

O GALILEE, blest Galilee,
Thy name is very dear to me;
'Twas there my Savior lived and died,
And for my sins was crucified.
O Galilee, blest Galilee,
I lost my heart in Galilee.

I lost my heart but soon I found
The grace of God did now abound;
I turned my back on every sin
The day that Jesus entered in.
O Galilee, bright Galilee,
Our God hath greatly honored thee.

O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
What wondrous things were done in thee!
There Jesus healed the sick and blind
And cast out demons from the mind;
He cleansed the leper, raised the dead
And multiplied the loaves of bread.

O Galilee, blue Galilee,
There Jesus walked upon the sea;
He bade the angry waves be still
And they were subject to His will.
O Galilee, blue Galilee,
Thy name will live in history.

O Galilee, dear Galilee
Both joy and sorrow came to thee;
There Jesus died but soon arose
And brought confusion to His foes;
There He ascended to the skies
And said that some day we should rise.

O Galilee, my Galilee,
The whole wide world hath need of thee;
It needs the Christ who there was born,
Who died—and rose on Easter morn.
O Galilee, my Galilee,
There is no other land like thee.

Faithfulness

OUR faith in Christ lacks its full worth,
Unless we're faithful, too;
The measure of our second birth
Is what we really do.

The noblest virtue Christ declares
Is simple faithfulness—
This is the crown which Jesus wears,
And which we may possess.

When pleasure comes, what do you do—
Put Jesus first or last?
If first, then Christ will see that you
Enjoy what things thou hast.

Just tithe your income for the Lord,
Or give by some wise plan,
And see how Christ fulfills His Word
For you or any man.

Seek first the kingdom of our God,
And then do what you will;
This is the path all saints have trod,
Who God's law would fulfill.

Our Mothers

WHAT name do all men hold most dear,
What name sounds sweetest to our ear,
What name most quickly starts a tear?
It is the name of Mother.

Who taught us when we were to blame
To call on Jesus' precious name,
With true repentance, bitter shame?
'Twas Mother.

Men went to war and risked their life
To save our land from civil strife;
They marched away with drum and fife
As husbands, sons and brothers.

Who stayed at home to watch and pray,
Conduct the business as she may,
And trained the children night and day?
'Twas Mother.

Who kept alive the old home fires,
Taught us to honor noble sires,
And filled our minds with pure desires?
'Twas Mother.

Who filled us with respect for God,
Convictions deep and strong and broad,
Who showed the path all saints have trod?
'Twas Mother.

Who risked her own to give us life,
Taught us to hate all sin and strife,
Denied herself as mother, wife?
'Twas Mother.

All honor to those mothers brave,
Who taught us thrift and how to save,
Who loved the good, the wrong forgave—
Our Mothers.

Father's Day

BLEST "Mother's Day" has come to stay,
To cheer and comfort on their way
A host of mothers in our land,
A brave, self-sacrificing band.
But while we honor Mother dear—
For all good men her name revere—
Do not forget our noble sires,
Who trained us at their altar fires.

They taught us honesty and truth,
And guarded well our steps in youth,
Restraining us from evil ways,
Which might affect our future days,
They gave us education, too,
To show us what each one should do;
The gifts which God bestows on man,
Reveal our place in His great plan.

Our fathers braved the storms of life,
Regarding not their stress and strife;
They taught us we should do our best,
And trust the Lord to do the rest.
All honor to our noble sires,
Who trained us at the old home fires;
And let a grateful son now say,
"It's time we had a Father's Day."

A Child's Idea of Jesus

A PICNIC had been planned one day
When signs of rain appeared;
Grace hoped that God would send away
The clouds she so much feared.
A little later on she said:
"I hope Jesus will say
To the dark clouds we so much dread,
"You all must go away."

"You said, my dear, you hoped that God
Would drive the clouds away;
And now you hope Jesus will send
A beautiful, bright day.
How can two persons be the same?
Tell me, if you don't mind."
"Why Jesus is His before name,
And God is the behind."

Yes, Jesus God, was that child's thought,
As one might name John Brown;
And who shall say she was not taught
By Him whom all saints crown?
For Jesus Christ is God indeed—
The Father and the Son;
And each one satisfies our need,
Until life's day is done.

We are like children in the night,
Groping to find the way;
Not knowing God is leading us
Into His perfect day.
We cannot always understand
Why God allows us pain,
But some day in the Glory Land,
He doubtless will explain.

The Unfolding Mind

IF I divide my earthly store,
I have just half and nothing more;
But if I give the truth to men,
I gain five-fold and sometimes ten.
The truth expands the growing mind,
Producing more of that same kind;
But when it ponders God's great thought,
It deals with that which is blood bought.

And one such tho't will fill a brain,
And fill it o'er and o'er again;
And every time it's given out,
We wonder any one can doubt.
A bud, unfolding in the sun,
Discloses petals, one by one,
Until a handsome rose is seen
Fit for a bride, or for a queen.

Thus does the human mind unfold,
Disclosing treasures, new and old;
Until is seen some brilliant gem
Fit for a royal diadem.
When these come often, then men praise
And laud his brilliant thoughts and ways.
Woe to that man if he shall boast
Of what comes from the Holy Ghost.

All truth comes from the God of grace,
Before Whom we should hide our face;
And give Him credit for each thought
Which we obtain from Him for naught;
Help us to know the Gospel well,
And then to others that truth tell;
Be this our one supreme desire—
To set the whole wide world on fire.

Our Responsibility for Crime

THERE is a fund of wickedness
In this old world of ours,
Which we increase or we make less,
As we employ our powers.
This fog of evil settles down
And clouds the sunlit skies;
And every person in the town
Inhales it till he dies.

The low resorts which mar a town
And bring upon it shame
Claim all as pals who are not down
On sin of every name.
The Lord commands us to hate wrong
As well as love the right;
Both love and hate should be as strong
As we have strength and might.

Think not because we do not swear
Or do some awful crime
That we are free, and have no share
In evils of our time.
Unless we strike a mighty blow,
And strongly do disclaim
All part in crime's vast passing show,
We are not free from blame.

This age needs men who do not fear
To show just where they stand—
Brave men—who hold the right more dear
Than comfort, gold or land.
Let us so fully be alive
To each good cause in sight,
That none can say we do not strive
To set this old world right.

The world is hopeless of reform,—
Has been since Time begun;
These words soon sweep a town by storm:
“Of course, it can’t be done.”
Rise up, and put this evil down—
This pessimistic note;
And show the world it *can* be done,
If good folks only vote.

In Glory Land

IF we each day keep God’s command,
We soon arrive at Glory Land;
We do not wait until we’re dead,
But find it here on earth instead.

Our Savior walks in Glory Land
And leads us—each one—by the hand;
He opens up His Holy Word
So richly, that our hearts are stirred.

There is great joy in Glory Land,
Where all seems beautiful and grand;
Where all for holiness aspire,
And all receive their heart’s desire.

There is still room in Glory Land
For multitudes, who there might stand;
Lord, help us find them by Thy grace,
And lead them to this blessed place!

The Man Who Meant to Give

HE WAS a good man, kind and true,
Who often told what he would do
When he was rich and had the means,
And lived no longer on baked beans.
And this he said from day to day,
Until his best years slipped away,
Not knowing God will close the door
To wealth—unless we help the poor.

When hard times came and all around,
Bread lines were formed in every town,
He gave no cash, he gave no bread;
Instead of that, he often said:
“Next year I will begin to give,”
Not knowing surely that he’d live—
The same old story newly told,
Though every day he laid up gold.

When mighty Mississippi wrought
Death and destruction, dearly bought,
And calls were made on every hand
To help the suff’ring of the land,
God spake to him a hundred times,
But he would not give even dimes;
But daily to himself he lied—
With good intentions satisfied.

And when the sick could no more wait
For his intentions, which were late,
They simply died and passed beyond
All chance for that man to respond.
Last week that man lay dead and cold,
And all he left behind was gold,
He had no friends—he never had,—
Because his life made no one glad.

Here is a lesson all should learn:
Give what you can—but quickly burn
Your good intentions which bring nought
But bitter heart aches, dearly bought.
To-day's chance we can now secure:
To-morrow's is by no means sure.
If we let this chance slip away,
It may not come another day.

Service or Selfishness

IT'S true that since the world began,
Whoever serves his fellow-man
Finds all the joy a mortal can.
And those who serve mankind the best,
Though often broken of their rest,
Enjoy their work with keenest zest.

But those who live in solitude,
And over their own troubles brood,
Know nothing of real gratitude.
Their fortunes always seem adverse,
With each day just a little worse,
And life itself almost a curse.

So cast your burden on the Lord,
And lead some soul into accord
With Him whose Name should be adored.
Then all the blessings you shall know,
Which Jesus promises to show
To those who serve Him here below.

Radiograms

EACH city of size has its radio key,
With its S.O.S. and its K.Y.E.
Important events and when they will come,
People of note, abroad and at home;
So tune your machine and hear what they say,
And you'll be kept busy from day to day,
Absorbing the news, digesting reports
Of matters vital, and also of sports.

There's music enough let loose in the air
To drive one to drink, or to dark despair,
Or to fill one's soul with wildest delight,
And turn all his darkness into light.
There's news enough to fill your brain,
And fill it over and over again,
With its story of war, and crime and sin,
Till your mind grows weary, taking it in.

We are surely living in marvelous days;
God is unveiling His wonderful ways.
Attune your minds, and open your eyes,
And you'll often receive a glad surprise.
We are only learning to use our ears,
And hear the songs God has sung for years,
And taste the joys that He has prepared,
And which we long ago might have shared.

Yes, the air's full of music, for you and me.
If we are in tune, we'll delighted be;
The voices of nature, its laughter and tears,
The joy bells which God has kept ringing for years;
The sob of contrition, the penitent's voice,
Which causes the angels to joy and rejoice—
All these come down to us from above,
The gift of God, through Redeeming love.

Maintaining One's Rights

WHEN men upon their rights insist,
It leads another to resist;
This oft continues many years,
And leads to grief and bitter tears.

A foot of land sends men to law,
To search the title for a flaw.
To prove their point and gain their end,
Men often sacrifice a friend.

And many men are dead today,
Who died maintaining right of way;
While some, insisting on their own,
Will suffer from a broken bone.

Though Christ was heir unto God's throne,
He cheerfully gave up His own,
And died upon a blood-stained cross,
To save the world from death and loss.

Lord, give us grace to clearly see
That love ensures the victory;
For if we sacrifice our way,
We'll very often win the day.

Directions for My Burial

Don't bury me in the Summer heat,
Don't bury me in the Fall;
Don't bury me in the Winter cold—
Don't bury me at all.

But let me live a hundred years
This world for Christ to win;
And when the Savior reappears,
Heaven's door will take us in.

The Half Hath Not Been Told

(I Kings 10:7)

THE half hath never yet been told
About God's love which doth enfold
And cover us with His strong hand,
And lead us safely through the land.
His Word provides our daily food,
His love makes all things work for good;
He shields us from all sin and strife,
And gives to each Eternal life.

The half hath never yet been told
About the weight of sin which rolled
From off our hearts upon His head,
Who suffered for our sins instead.
And for the weight of sin He bore
A weight of glory did restore;
A glory shining on our way
Until it reaches perfect day.

The half hath never yet been told
About that faith which groweth bold
By daily contact with the Lord,
And daily conquests through His Word—
A faith which will not be denied
Until God's end seems satisfied;
A life so hid with Christ in God
That living waters flow abroad.

The half hath never yet been told
About the silver and the gold
Which God hath put into our hands
To send the Gospel to all lands;
And if we use it in God's way
It makes our hearts rejoice each day—
But if we hoard and keep God's part,
It eats like canker in our heart.

The half hath never yet been told
About the glory we'll behold,
When in God's presence we shall stand,
And take our Savior by the hand
And gaze into His wondrous face
Made beautiful by matchless grace—
O glorious day when with our Lord,
We see Him by all men adored!

The King's Highway^{*}

THE Lord directs our steps each day,
And guides us on our homeward way;
He does not leave our path to chance,
But God is in each circumstance.

When winter comes, the earth seems dead;
In spring, it wakes and blooms instead;
And so the soul, once dead in sin,
Is born again when Christ comes in.

Each book or paper that we read,
May hold a truth that we should heed;
Each object which our eyes may see,
Says, "I'm thy teacher; learn of me."

God does not always speak aloud,
But through a sunset or a cloud;
The quiet ripple of a stream,
Or strong conviction in a dream.

Since God directs our steps each day,
We know we shall not go astray;
And when our course on earth is run,
We'll hear the welcome words: "Well done!"

^{*} "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord" (Psa. 37:23).

The Anchored Mind

IN HIS own likeness God made man,
And gave him a sound mind;
To be His comrade, was His plan,
And thus together bind.
But Satan filled man's mind with doubt—
Made him believe a lie;
So from the garden he went out
Condemned for sin to die.

But "scholars" tell us we are wrong,
"The Bible's out of date";
How can one build a life that's strong,
If there's no future state?
A fit of anger or brainstorm
May drive a man insane,
Unless he has a Christ to form
A bulwark for all strain.

No youth who's anchored to the Lord,
Will die by his own hand;
What young men need is God's own Word
Throughout the whole broad land.
Since "scholarship" has ruled God out,
Why let them teach our youth?
Suppose we put the "scholars" out
For those who teach the truth.

Faith reaches out toward God to find
In Him a resting place;
And He responds to every mind,
And shows His shining face.
The storms are subject to Christ's will
On all the mighty deep;
And when we hear His "Peace, be still!"
We can lie down and sleep.

Faith is the anchor of the soul,
An anchor safe and sure;
If we give God complete control,
The darkest doubt He'll cure.
In God is everlasting strength—*
A "Rock of Ages" strong;
Though we may drift away—at length
We'll sing the victor's song.

Profanity

MY God, when all the heavenly host,
Bow down and worship Thee
As Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Through all Eternity—

Shall sinful man misuse his breath
To curse Thy Holy Name—
And not be stricken down to death,
Or withered into shame?

Our blinded eyes would stand aghast,
If they could only see
The horror which o'er Heaven is cast,
By coarse profanity.

Lord, burn this lesson on my heart,
And help me all my days,
To emulate an angel's part,
And use my voice in *praise!*

* Isa. 26.4. Marginal reading is "Rock of Ages".

Who Will Wrestle For Our Youth?

HOW can we fire the souls of youth,
Unless we help them see God's truth?
How can we raise their moral tone,
Until we make them see God's throne?
For some are from a Christless home,
From which they soon begin to roam;
They have no chart to steer their course,
And in temptation, no resource.

And many teachers do not show
Their pupils what they ought to know;
They talk of life and mystery,
And not of Christ and Calvary.
Much of the press—our greatest school—
Has nothing but the Golden Rule;
Some ridicule the Book of books,
Some criticise with "knowing" looks.

We have one hope in this dark hour,
For prayer is still a mighty power;
And prayer can kindle hidden fires
And waken wonderful desires;
And reach the lost, yes, every one
Who lives and moves beneath the sun,
And flash into his darkened mind
God's message, which can reach the blind.

Then let us plead with God to bless
The home and school and church and
press,
That each will strive with one accord
To lead our youth unto the Lord;
That God will show to all the race
The wonders of redeeming grace;
And make the name of Jesus known
Until the Lord, all gladly own.

The Temptations of Saturday Night

TEMPTATION is strong on Saturday night—
The week's work is done, whether wrong or right—
And all are ready to cut loose and run
Wherever they find excitement and fun.
So Satan proposes to some a dance,
While others he offers a game of chance.
To make it exciting he brings in drink
Till heads are so fuddled they cannot think.

When liquor goes in then folly doth reign,
And man plays the part of a fool again;
He plays and he bets till his money's all gone,
Then draws on his bank till he's overdrawn.
He learns in the morning it don't pay to bet,
For if he does he falls sadly in debt;
For months he toils to set that debt right,
And pay for his folly on Saturday night.

If men lose money who bet on a chance,
It's worse for a girl to drink and to dance;
She may lose—not money, but her good name,
And then—broken-hearted, may die in her shame.
“Once she was pure as the snow—but she fell—
Fell like the snowflakes—from Heaven to hell.”
God pity the girls and help them do right,
And shun the temptations of Saturday night.

Suppose!

Suppose that the Hand which guides this world,
Should just one moment be rash!
Would not the universe all be whirled
Together, in one grand crash?

An Unusual Conversion

A GODLESS man, as I recall,
Hung high upon his chamber wall
These awful words, "God is no where";
And to enforce it he would swear.
Soon illness came upon this man,
A part, no doubt of God's wise plan;
His friends forsook him and he lay
And suffered much by night and day.

A little girl this story heard,
And her young heart was strangely stirred;
She prayed the Lord to show her how
To make that wicked sinner bow—
Forsake his sins, confess the Lord,
And walk with Him in sweet accord.
And thinking of his lonely hours,
She took with her a bunch of flowers.

She laid the flowers upon his bed,
And, looking at the wall, she said,
"I'm glad to see your heart you cheer
With these true words, "God is now here."
And as she spoke he saw the truth
And felt its power, as in his youth;
He said, "They tell me I must die—
Can God save such a wretch as I?"

"Oh, yes," the little girl replied,
"For sinners just like you Christ died;
God loves us all and gave His Son,
That none need perish; no, not one."
Thus was this sinner led to God,
And walked the path all saints have trod,
Repeating oft, his soul to cheer
These blessed words, "God is now here."

The Holy Spirit

O HOLY Spirit, unseen Friend,
So near and dear to me;
The work of Jesus here would end,
If it were not for Thee.

Thou art the great Reality,
The image of our God;
Thou makest Jesus real to me—
With Thee all saints have trod.

I live in Thee, I walk with Thee—
I dare not walk alone;
Thou art my full Sufficiency
Save Him who did atone.

Thou art the Leader of the church,
Directing all her ways;
All hearts lie open to Thy search—
Inspiring prayer and praise.

The hosts of sin cannot withstand
Thy steady, onward move
Until all men on sea and land,
The name of Jesus love.

Thou art invincible in power,
And tender in Thy love;
We need Thee every day and hour
Until we're called above.

O Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Lord, God Almighty, Friend!
Revealing Jesus, God's dear Son,
Through ages without end.

On Holy Ground*

THE place where each of us is found,
As God once said, "Is holy ground";
And that is where you ought to do,
The work which God has given you.
For God has planned for us each stage
Where life be spent—from youth to age;
And there—right there—is just the place,
Where you can best display His grace.

Perhaps in you may be combined
All qualities of heart and mind,
Which make a life so pure and sweet,
That people will be glad to meet;
And thank the Lord that they have seen
A woman fit to be a queen;
Or they have known a noble man
Who lives according to God's plan.

The present is the only time,
When we can make our lives sublime;
The past is gone and gone for good—
The future is not understood;
So, what we do, must be done now,
And we must find the way and how;
But we can surely win success,
And cause in others thankfulness.

Your working days may all be past,
But opportunities still last
For everyone to love and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
To daily pray for every man,
Fulfilling God's eternal plan,
And send the gospel to all lands,
According to our Lord's commands.

* "For the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Exod. 3:5).

Face To Face

ONE blessed day, in quiet place,
I met the Master, face to face;
I was alone and heard Him speak,
“My Friend, what is it that you seek?”

“I seek not anything,” I said,
“But just to earn my daily bread.”
He smiled and quickly made reply,
“If you eat bread alone you’ll die.”

“There is a bread which I can give,
And those who eat, forever live.”
That blessed smile, I’ll ne’er forget,
It lingers with me, even yet.

But as He looked me in the eye
I felt condemned, I scarce knew why;
The sight of His pure, holy face
Revealed to me my own true place.

I was a sinner, lost, undone,
But He was Jesus, God’s dear Son,
Who died for me upon the cross,
And suffered pain and shame and loss.

Oh, how I thank God for the place,
Where Jesus saved me by His grace;
And fed me with the living bread,
Reviving me, when I was dead.

Since then I’ve met Him every day,
And walked and talked along the way,
And tried to bring to Him the lost,
Whom He has purchased at great cost.

And when my work on earth is done,
With all the souls I may have won,
I’ll stand in my appointed place,
And meet my Master, face to face.

Ministers' Wives

A QUIET observer sees many wise things,
And that's why this writer so frequently sings;
He notes that since preachers have arduous lives,
God saves the best girls for ministers' wives.
She keeps down expenses and pays up their dues,
And cheers up her husband when he has the blues.
She tends her own babies and some others too,
And nurses and cheers many sick women through.

She's here and she's there, all over the town,
With a bright, sunny smile and never a frown;
She coaxes wild fellows to slacken their pace,
Reform their habits and better the race:
Persuades the girls inclined to be flirts
To cover their necks and lengthen their skirts;
She's kind to the poor and nurses the sick,
And people say, "She's a regular brick!"

Her husband comes first in all of her plans,
Although she's a sister to every good man;
She tells him his sermon's a little too long,
And that Johnson's new clerk has been going wrong;
Her home is a refuge for all the oppressed,
And come when they may, they find her well dressed.
All classes declare she has blessed their lives,
And say that none equal these ministers' wives.

Don't pity your preacher, but pay him his dues,
And heed what he says and bury bad news;
Some day a great sorrow may come to your home,
And then you will find you are glad he has come.
And if in your house some dear one should die,
He'll point the way plainly to Jesus on high;
His tender devotion, his prayer and his love
Will seem like a blessing from heaven above.

In public and private, you'll find him the same,
The friend of all classes, of whatever name;
He tries to be helpful, but sometimes he fails;
When he points out men's sins, he's often assailed.
Be fair in your judgment, be honest, sincere,
And no one will come to your heart quite so near;
If preachers are blessings, sometimes in disguise,
Remember it's due to these ministers' wives.

Angels^{*}

GOD'S angels are a mighty host,
Who do His holy will;
And Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Employ them daily still.

As easily as any bird
Descending from above,
Unseen, unnoticed and unheard,
Around us all they move.

The old, the feeble and the young
Are their especial care;
So in and out, between, among,
They lead, protect and bear.

And none of us need ever fear
That we are left alone,
For night and day through all the year
God's angels guard His own.

* "He shall give His angels charge over thee" (Psa. 91:11).

Fellowship with Jesus

CHRIST healed a blind man by the road,
Who long had borne a heavy load.
When asked whose sin made this man blind,
Our Lord replied, "This was God's mind,
That in him, when the time seemed best,
His glory might be manifest."
So then we should not say that sin
Appoints the place which we are in.

The Lord our God assigns our place,
That in us He may show His grace.
To some He gives abundant health,
To others, poverty or wealth;
The burdens which we bear, He chose
And fitted them, for He best knows;
He orders all our steps, He said,
And counts the hairs upon our head.

He knows the home in which we dwell,
The great desire we never tell;
He knows our hopes, He knows our fears,
Our hidden sorrows, bitter tears.
He knows the hindrances we meet
From those at home or on the street.
He knows our folly and our sin,
And yet He asks, "May I come in?"

Oh, what a wondrous Saviour He,
That He desires our company;
To show us what we ought to do—
Which is the wrong way, which the true;
To reproduce His life once more,
And through us touch earth's farthest shore.
Lord, grant that we may worthy be
To walk and talk and work with Thee!

A Parable of Clocks

THE old-time clock which stands in halls,
Ticks out in measured tones its calls—
“Take your time—Take your time—Take your time.”
The little clock of modern days,
In sharp staccato tones just says,
“Get there—Get there—Get there.”

Thus spake a mother to her group
Of happy children on the stoop;
And, with a twinkle in her eye,
Said, “Children, which clock shall I buy?
‘The old-time clock which stands in halls,’
Or ‘Get there’ clock, which faster calls?”

Then one bright boy spoke up and said,
“The tall clock suits me best for bed”;
Another boy, with laughing eyes,
“The tall clock’s best by which to rise.”
Thus all the boys were quite agreed,
It was the tall clock they did need.

Then spake the mother to her brood
Of happy children, where they stood;
“I’ll buy the ‘old-time clock’ for those
Like Grandma, who are near life’s close;
But every healthy, happy boy,
The ‘Get there’ clock should use with joy.”

Our Radio Mind

Our broadcast can reach every heart
That dwells on land or sea,
And God’s rich blessing can impart,
Each time we bend our knee.

Shadows

DARK shadows flit across the sky
Of every living man;
Afraid to live, afraid to die,
Some—hoping that they can.

A guilty conscience is one foe
Which waketh many fears;
It follows us where'er we go,
And seldom disappears.

A child born blind reveals to some
What cannot well be said—
That their own sin at last has come
In judgment on their head.

And some are filled with constant fear—
Employment soon will cease,
A son go wrong, disease appear,
And trouble thus increase.

The Bible, which few dare to doubt
Most plainly doth declare,
"Be sure your sin will find you out"—
For this you must prepare.

For all these clouds upon our sky,
One blessed hope we see;
The cross of Christ who once did die
To give us victory.

He ushers in eternal day,
And darkness doth defy;
He drives the shadows all away,
And leaves a cloudless sky.

Bright College Days

AS AUTUMN days again come round,
In all our colleges are found
A host of youth who now come back,
To take the studies which they lack;
And teachers also—noble band—
An honor to this glorious land.

God bless the homes where mothers pray,
And fathers plan from day to day,
How they may send their sons to school,
And train their daughters how to rule,
That they be noble, true and good—
Grand specimens of womanhood.

God bless those whom He calls to teach!
May their example loudly preach
Christ Jesus as the Friend of youth,
Who is the Way, the Life, the Truth,
That when they win their cap and gown,
They also take the cross and crown.

No education is complete
Until one sits at Jesus' feet,
And learns from Him to read and pray,
And live as Jesus would today;
To serve the world by some wise plan
And love his God and fellow man.

Think Well Before You Speak

Think well before you say a word—
Your thoughts are yours alone;
But words expressed—unkind, absurd—
No longer are your own.

God Speaks in Many Ways

IN MANY ways God tries to show
What people everywhere should know,
That they be trained in voice and heart
To play successfully their part.
A man may somehow lose his sight,
And live thereafter in the night;
While it may close to him one door,
It opens some not seen before.

Or, God's rich bounty may inspire
Another with a strong desire,
To spend his time in making glad
Afflicted souls, whose lives are sad.
The fragrance of a choice bouquet,
Or sunset tints at close of day,
May lead a grateful heart to praise
The Lord his God, through all his days.

A sudden death or heavy loss
Has thousands brought unto the cross;
A strong appeal or friendly word
Has led a host unto the Lord.
A mother's prayers and Christian home
Are very seldom overcome;
Thus is Christ's cross bro't into view—
In what way did God speak to you?

A Friend of Mine

IF YOU should chance in me to see
A fault which ought not there to be—
Feel very free to speak to me—
For you're a friend of mine.

And should I wound your feelings sore,
Or mention what you might deplore,
Just tell it to me, I implore—
If you're a friend of mine.

One day I felt discouraged, blue,
My work seemed more than I could do;
And then I chanced to think of you—
You were a friend of mine.

Then I took up my heavy task,
Nor did I any favor ask,
But in your friendship I did bask—
You were a friend of mine.

But I must tell you of a Friend,
Who loves one to the very end,
And then to Heav'n his soul doth send—
He is a Friend of mine.

If you will own Him as your Lord,
Obey the teachings of His Word,
He'll walk with you in sweet accord—
And be a Friend of yours.

Delighting in God

(Psa. 37:4)

HE who delighteth in the Lord,
And liveth daily by His Word—
Of him God says, "He shall aspire
And realize his heart's desire."

But dare we trust our heart's desire?
Not until purified by fire—
Which, kindled by the Holy Ghost
Burns out the dross, at any cost.

God's Telephone

THE "Central" calls and calls again,
Till some response she hears;
If satisfied it is in vain,
Her ringing disappears.
To every conscience God does call
Until He hears reply;
If calling fails, He will recall,
Until that conscience die.

But conscience dies by slow degrees,
Though die it does, at last;
The dullness grows until one sees
All feeling now is past.
When God the "busy signal" hears,
Until forbearance ends,
He thunders warning till man fears
And his attention lends.

When warning fails, then Providence
A louder call may send,
To break down his self-confidence,
And his proud spirit bend.
A sudden death may crush him sore—
One whom he least can spare;
Or all his wealth—and even more—
Is lost beyond repair.

God did His best to save each soul,
When Christ died on the cross;
For on His shoulders God did roll
Our sin and shame and loss.
If Christ's death fails to move the heart,
With all its love and cost,
That soul from God will then depart,
And be forever lost.

S. O. S.

AN ocean steamer in dense fog
Has struck an iceberg—broke a cog;
She's sinking fast, no help in sight
Amid the blackness of the night.

A panic reigns—"What has gone wrong?"
The captain shouts, "Be brave, be strong,
For we will sound the S. O. S.,
Which tells the world we're in distress!"

And soon replies begin to come:
"Cheer up, we're making a fast run;
We're crowding engines all we may,
And we'll be there by break of day!"

When morning dawns the ship appears,
And smiles soon take the place of tears;
"You've earned the thanks of all on board,"
Say some, and others, "Praise the Lord!"

Our Heavenly Father hears our cry
And answers quickly, "Here am I."
He hears each signal of distress,
And answers every S. O. S.

Roses and Raindrops

THE world is full of roses—
The roses full of dew;
The dew brings out the perfume sweet,
Delighting me and you.

The sky is full of raindrops—
The raindrops full of tears;
And when the sun shines through each one,
A rainbow then appears.

What is Eternity?*

THROUGHOUT the earth the world around,
Religions of all kinds abound;
Yet this strong hope is always found—
The hope of Immortality.
While superstitions are not rare
And fear of gods which cause despair,
Behind them all hope will declare—
There is a World we do not see.

While millions live without a chart,
And millions die and do depart,
Our God hath set in every heart—
A longing for Eternity.
How long is this Eternity?
When we a billion years shall see,
A billion—billion more shall be—
There is no end and cannot be.

'Mid unreal things we live below,
Awaiting our command to go
And hoping that some day we'll see—
What God means by Eternity.
One word describes Eternity,
And that one word is Deity;
It was—and is—and it shall be
Like God—the Great Reality.

*"Our God hath set eternity in their heart." (Eccles. 3:11, R. V.)

Christians and Sparrows*

IF God notes every sparrow's fall,
And keeps them in His mind,
Why should He not protect us all,
And sure provision find?

*"Ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Matt. 10:31.)

Why should He ever overlook
A single needy child—
When He hath never yet forsook
A soul, once reconciled?

Though sparrows filled the skies above,
Like sand upon the shore,
A single soul redeemed in love
Is worth to Him far more.

Let us take comfort all our days,
And pass it on to all—
From what the blessed Saviour says
About the sparrow's fall.

The World is on Fire!

OUR Father, this world is on fire—
It's burning with selfish desire!
In a mad haste for power
Men destroy and devour—
Our Father, this world is on fire.

Our Father, this world has grown old!
It's weary from striving for gold;
Men run here and run there,
Over earth, sea and air—
Our Father, this world has grown old.

Our Father, this world needs the Cross—
To save it from death, shame and loss;
It's Christ Jesus alone,
Who for sin can atone—
Our Father, this world needs the Cross.

How God Works Wonders

(Isa. 40:31)

WE need to have our strength renewed,
And with God's might to be endued;
So let us wait upon the Lord,
Until we are in full accord.
Then shall we mount with eagle's wings
Above the world's reproach and stings.
Some pay no heed to God's dear Son;
With us His words each weigh a ton.

Two wings are needed if we mount,
For one would be of no account;
"Surrender" is the first we name—
Give all to God—means just the same.
And when we have surrendered all,
And nothing more can we recall—
The second wing is "Trust the Lord,"
To do as promised in His Word.

When God's pure air above we breathe,
And smoke and dust below we leave,
Then will the world seem distant—far,
And worldly deeds seem what they are.
Then greed and jealousy seem base,
And love of self we would erase;
Then would we live for others' good,
Though we might be misunderstood.

Then floods which devastate—destroy,
Seem agencies God doth employ
To touch our hearts, that we may see
That if they suffer, so do we;
And we must help them if we can,
Since each one is a brother-man,
To let them suffer would be shame—
Not worthy of a Christian's name.

And furthermore the God we love
Has power on earth just as above;
If once He cut Red sea in two,
And let His people all pass through—
And piled old Jordan's waters high,
So that His children walked through dry—
So now these floods He can abate,
If we will pray—and trust—and wait.

Rest in the Lord

(Psa. 37:7)

REST in the Lord and patient wait,
And do not fret in any state;
Thou shalt inherit all the earth,
And be a millionaire in worth.
And if you ask, "Can this be true?"
Please answer questions—one or two;
What would you take for mother dear,
Or wife, or husband, full of cheer?

Your rich experience of years,
So full of joy and grief and tears?
Your well trained mind and happy heart,
Where humor plays a lively part?
Your faith in Christ and hope sublime,
Which fills eternity and time?
Am I not right when I declare:
You are a multimillionaire?

The Golden Age

WHEN all the wars come to an end,
And fighting is no more,
And love shall take the place of hate
On every sea and shore;
When honest labor wins fair wage,
And striking is unknown;
The earth will yield rich fruitage,
Rewarding what is sown.

When men obey the laws of God,
And walk in Wisdom's way,
Performing duties as they come,
And working day by day;
When all are more concerned to give
Then they are to receive,
And take God's Word for what it says,
And all its truths believe—

Then God will open wide their eyes,
And secrets will lay bare,
By which the world will be enriched,
And in which all may share;
And then far fewer hours of work,
Would all our needs supply;
And strain and worry be removed,
Which cause most men to die.

That blessed day will surely come,
And we should all prepare
To speed it on as best we can,
And in its glory share;
But should it be too long deferred
For our eyes to behold,
Then others coming after us,
Will see that Age of Gold.

Little Things

GOD'S choices for us oft depend
On matters very small;
Some trifling service wins a friend,
Who proves the best of all.
A paper loaned or some book read
May change our plan for life,
Enabling us to earn our bread
Apart from noise and strife.

God's love within the heart oft brings
The sunshine of His face;
And faithfulness in little things
Decides for us our place.
Some simple service often sends
A customer to buy;
And kindly treatment also tends
To bring promotion high.

God never bids us do great things,
But that we do all well;
He knows that faithfulness will bring
Results which none can tell.
Perfection never did consist
Of great achievements rare;
Small things well done always enlist
And win the victor's share.

Pray

When your mind is doubtful—pray;
God can roll the clouds away,
Turn the darkest night to day—
Lead you safely all the way.

Lest We Forget

GOD gives the sunshine and the rain,
And day and night He doth ordain
The song of birds and fragrant flowers,
And purple hills and leafy bowers.
All these He gives us and more yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

He gives us childhood's happy hours,
And youth with its prospective powers,
And manhood with its toil and strife,
And ripe old age to close our life,
And some of these with tears are wet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

The warm spring, quickening the earth,
To signalize our Saviour's birth,
The summer fruit and autumn grain,
Bleak winter with its snow and rain;
All these are in sure order set,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

There is no voice at home, abroad,
Which does not speak to us of God.
There is no knowledge, we have learned,
Which is not with our Lord concerned;
In Christ, the heavens and earth are met,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

Do Others See Jesus in You?

HOW can you lead to Christ your boy,
Until His method you employ?
There's only one thing you can do—
Just let that boy see Christ in you.

Have you a husband, fond and true?
A wife who's blind to all but you?
If each would win the other one,
That life must speak of God's dear Son.

There is but one successful plan,
By which to win a fellow man;
Have you a neighbor, old or new?
Just let that man see Christ in you.

The church that hopes to win the lost,
Must pay the one unchanging cost;
She must compel the world to see
In her the Christ of Calvary.

God's Plan the Best

OUR cross is not greater than His grace,
The sun is not brighter than His face,
His joy does not fail in any place—
Make it yours.

The soul cannot live without a mate,
The heart cannot thrive on bitter hate,
And life is not left to cruel fate—
There is God.

Why die when God urges you to live?
Why doubt when He bids you to believe?
Why fail when He says you may achieve?
Try His way.

I'm saved just because I trust His grace.
I live in the sunshine of His face.
I'll win though it be a strenuous race—
Praise the Lord!

Appreciation^{*}

GOD takes account of where we are,
And what we have to do;
And whether we must travel far,
And all that hinders, too.

If God allows for hindrances,
Gives credit for the same,
And takes account of distances,
And all in Jesus' name—

Then should we, too, appreciate
The good in friend and foe;
And try to fairly estimate
Their worth, which may not show.

Though most of us are humble men,
And have not much to give;
And cannot preach with voice or pen,
But just contrive to live—

Yet if we will appreciate
The good which others do,
Though shining not in church or state,
We shall be useful, too.

And if we do this all our days,
And cheer God's toiling band,
We'll fill a thousand hearts with praise,
Throughout this whole broad land.

^{*} "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest." (Rev. 2:13.)

Confession

IF by God's grace thou hast done well,
Then praise the Lord anew;
If sin makes thee ashamed to tell,
Ask God to pardon you.

And call your sin by its right name,
However mean or base;
Do not attempt to hide your shame,
Lest it conceal God's face.

A good confession makes one strong,
And wins respect from all;
It helps one overcome that wrong,
Should it again befall.

It's no disgrace to say, "I'm wrong,"
And ask forgiveness, too;
It fills the heart with joy and song,
And makes a friend for you.

What Constitutes a Home

A FEW have homes in the city,
And one in the country, fair;
But some, and more is the pity,
Haven't a home anywhere.

It does not require much money
To build a beautiful home;
But two dispositions sunny,
And two hearts that beat as one.

Just two lives welded together,
Each loving the other one;
Each giving up to the other,
Regarding that one alone.

Not high walls which have no limit,
A roof, or even a dome,
But the happy people in it
Is what makes a beautiful home.

Adversity a Compliment

IT IS a special compliment,
When trouble comes our way;
It shows that God is confident
That we will win the day.
Our God is faithful, Who will see
That each one has his share;
But none of us shall tempted be,
Beyond our strength to bear,

When Job bore losses for God's sake
He led the way to fame;
The Lord did give—the Lord did take,
And blessed be His name.
As Sheba's queen said of the gold,
The wise man did not spare—
"The half hath never yet been told"
Of what we all can bear.

As stars shine brightest in the night,
So did our God once say,
The just man's path shall shine more bright
Unto the perfect day.
Then let us shine like some bright star,
In this dark world of care,
Until we pass through "Gates Ajar,"
To shine forever there.

A Peace That Satisfies

(Phil. 4:7)

I TAKE Thee for my peace, O God,
Which is far more than rest;
A peace which is both deep and broad,
Affording keenest zest.

It is not simply a dead calm,
As ships lie idle, still;
But an invigorating balm,
Which fortifies the will.

Thy peace is active, forceful, strong
Amid the din and strife;
It breathes the quiet cheerful song
Of a victorious life.

As rivers to the ocean run,
So sweeps Thy peace along,
O'ercoming all through Thy dear Son,
And putting right for wrong.

Holding Hands

THE day is done, and the setting sun
Is sinking out of our sight;
The work and play of the dying day
Is over—and now comes night.

A youth and girl with a golden curl,
Were walking homeward that night;
They were holding hands, at love's command,
And life looked rosy and bright.

Long years have gone by, and old age is nigh,
But they are cheerful and bright;
They still hold hands, as together they stand,
And live in each other's love-light.

Paul's Testimony*

THE God Who caused the light to shine,
And made the darkness bright,
Hath shined into this heart of mine,
And made His Son my Light.
Poor earthen vessels may contain
Rich treasures—dear to God;
And bodies which are racked with pain
May glorify the Lord.

The diamonds which so brightly shine
Upon our hands or breast
Some day will not be yours or mine,
When we are laid to rest.
If Jesus Christ shines in our face,
We'll win the lost galore;
And souls transformed by His rich grace,
Shall shine forevermore.

Through perils, persecution, pain,
Paul's faith persistent shone;
He gladly lost where others gain,
That Jesus might be known.
With Jesus he was crucified,
And his self-love was slain;
That Christ might live in him, Paul died,
Resigned—that Christ might reign.

* "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." (II. Cor. 4:6, 7.)

Brighten the Dark Days

WHEN the days are dark and cloudy,
Nearly everyone you meet
Seems depressed and rather worried,
As they hurry down the street;
If you smile on each one sweetly,
In a cheerful, friendly way,
You will warm their hearts with sunshine,
Which will last them all the day.

This old world is full of trouble,
And we all receive our share,
But God gives to each one comfort,
With a little bit to spare;
Each time we cheer another's heart,
We somehow warm our own
With the overflow of gladness,
Which out of it has grown.

Paradise or Purgatory?*

I HAVE a friend who really fears—
From teaching false at start—
That he must suffer many years,
To purify his heart.

But our Lord told the dying thief,
Responding to his cries,
“Today,” and this is my belief,
“We’ll walk in Paradise.”

O Paradise, O Paradise!
How my heart yearns for thee;
When shall I see thy gates arise,
To open wide for me?

O Paradise, O Paradise!
Thou art the sinner’s friend;
Thy walls in radiant beauty rise;
Thy years—they have no end.

* “Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.” (Luke 23:43.)

Memories of Childhood

I NEVER can forget the day
When we could hear our mother pray;
She spoke so gently and so low
To God, Who is above, below;
She was so earnest and so bold,
As to the Lord her tale she told;
It seemed as if the Lord was there
When mother led us all in prayer.

I never can forget the days
When mother used to sing God's praise;
And take her Bible from its place,
And open it with shining face,
And read us stories, ever new,
Of noble men and children, too;
And tell us that these all were given,
To help us on our way to Heaven.

I never can forget the day
When mother dear was laid away;
A neighbor came to us and said
In kindly tone that she was dead;
That she had gone to Heaven above,
And now we must each other love—
But God was good and would prepare
Another home for us somewhere.

Perhaps He did, but somehow we
Could never find that home, you see;
So we were scattered here and there,
And grew up without love or prayer.
Each year when Mother's Day arrives,
It brings a heartache to our lives,
For it revives those happy days
When mother knelt in prayer and praise.

Growing Old Happily

I'M glad that I am growing old,
And do not shed a tear;
For when the Book of Life unfolds,
My name will there appear.

I'm glad that I enjoy God's Word,
With its unfailing store;
Of joy and comfort from the Lord,
And promise of still more.

Old age ought not to make us whine,
Or grumble or complain;
Enjoy the days which may be fine,
And make the best of rain.

Aid those who need a helping hand,
To old and young be kind;
Belong to God's grand "Cheer Up Band,"
Which overflows the land.

The Gospel According to You

FIVE Gospels in the Bible are found,
And in each one striking truths abound;
There's Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John,
And the Gospel of Paul, which comes later on—
For Paul had a Gospel, as all Christians do—
But what is the Gospel according to *You*?

Some read the four Gospels, some John, and some Paul,
And some read none of the Gospels at all;
We know what they find when they read Luke or John,
For they tell of Jesus, God's only Son;
And all of His teachings are helpful and true—
But what is the Gospel according to *You*?

In the Spirit on the Lord's Day

SAINTE JOHN was toiling in a mine,
And often felt the lash
Which frequently did leave a line,
Or cut a cruel gash.
Full sixty years had passed since he
Had bade his Lord good bye;
And then with weeping eyes did see
His Lord and Master die.

And when the Lord's Day did arrive—
The first day of the week;
He never failed to plan and strive—
A quiet time to seek.
When "in the Spirit," one Lord's Day,
A hand on him was laid;
He heard the voice of Jesus say—
"Write down what I have said."

Thus was the Revelation born,
On lonely Patmos isle;
Where John the homeless—not forlorn—
Was living in exile.
If "in the Spirit" we should stand,
Our Lord to us might give—
A message grand for every land
For all who then might live.

God's Rainy Day Promise

(Isa. 55:10, 11)

AS RAIN cometh down from the skies,
Returning not thither again,
But hearing the thirsty earth's cries,
Refreshes it with gentle rain—

Now so shall it be with My Word,
Which goeth forth out of My mouth;
It shall not return to the Lord,
But satisfy spiritual drouth.

It shall not return to Me void,
But answer the purpose I please;
Wherever God's Word is employed,
God's harvest shall surely increase.

Then when the Lord sends us a rain,
Let none be discouraged or sad;
God means to revive us again—
So lift up your hearts and be glad.

At Evening Time

(Zech. 14:7)

GOD'S promises grow rich with years,
And this stays by me day and night;
It banishes all anxious fears—
"At evening time it shall be light."

As friends depart and strength declines
The future is not wholly bright;
But in the darkness this star shines—
"At evening time it shall be light."

So, as we climb the hill of life,
Advancing higher, day and night,
This promise cheers mid toil and strife—
"At evening time it shall be light."

And when at last bright Beulah Land
Out of death's shadow, comes in sight,
God's blessed promise still doth stand—
"At evening time it shall be light."

The Magdalen

OUR Lord once sat in a banquet hall;
An eager crowd stood around the wall
To hear the music, what guests might say,
For that was the custom in that day.
They saw our Lord with a pure, strong face,
And kindly speech and a winsome grace;
When from the crowd, a girl of the street,
Burst into tears and fell at His feet.

She kissed His feet—not a word was said—
Then wiped them with the hair of her head;
From a costly box of rare perfume sweet,
She poured it lavishly on His feet.
And then she heard Him to Simon say:
“You asked Me here as your guest to-day;
You gave Me no kiss, as was your meet,
But this poor girl kissed even My feet;”

“For My head thou gavest no ointment sweet,
This contrite girl anointed My feet;
Her sins though many, are forgiven,
And she enjoys the peace of Heaven.”
To her He said, when Simon did cease,
“Thy faith hath saved thee—now go in peace!”
Thus two great sinners met Christ that day;
One gave up her sin—one went angry away.

The Face of Jesus

THE face of Jesus no words can portray,
So manly and gentle and strong;
It drew to Him all He met by the way,
And put in their heart a new song.

The hands of Jesus—what wonders they wrought,
When laid on the sick and the blind!
But nailed to the cross, our redemption they bought,
Which gave us a new heart and mind.

The voice of Jesus could raise the dead—
When they heard it the demons all ran;
And “Never man spake like this one,” men said,
For He spake more like God, than like man.

The eyes of Jesus no language can tell,
So loving, and tender, and true;
One look sent poor Peter into hell,
But he came back repentant and new.

Stepping Heavenward

EACH day is just a stepping-stone
To something higher still;
That soul has surely smaller grown,
Which disregards God’s will.

And though some days may fail to show
A worthy action done,
Our Heav’nly Father only knows
The battles we have won.

And when we are too tired to pray,
Too feeble to aspire,
We still can upward look and say:
“Thou art my heart’s desire.”

So, day by day, our shining way,
Mounts upward to the skies;
And there it ends in perfect day,
When we with Christ shall rise.

The Voyage of Life

AS New Year's Day comes round once more,
We stand like tourists on the shore;
Before us lies an unknown sea,
Which we should sail quite carefully.

But on one thing we can depend—
Our Captain is a mighty Friend;
He knows our ship from stem to stern,
Nor has He anything to learn.

He walks the sea whene'er He will,
And bids the angry waves be still;
He holds the tempest in His hand,
And nought can harm His little band.

Let no one dare to sail this sea,
Which leadeth to Eternity,
Without Christ Jesus as his Friend,
To guide him safely to the end.

And when we reach the other shore,
Which is our home forevermore,
Let one and all rejoice and sing,
Eternal praises to our King.

Rooted and Grounded in Him

(Col. 2:9, 10)

IN JESUS all God's fulness dwells—
For He is God and man;
The Bible very plainly tells
The story of God's plan.

As roots run down into the ground,
And bring up what's required
To make the leaves and fruit abound,
And yield what is desired—

So Christians, rooted in the Lord,
Draw from Him all they need;
That thought and feeling may accord
With noble word and deed.

Consistency must mark their life,
And constancy as well;
With freedom from all bitter strife
If Jesus in them dwell.

In Jesus we are made complete,
And when our God shall call,
We'll cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
"And crown *Him* Lord of all."

Misunderstandings

HOW great a strain can love endure
Before it bends and breaks?
And when it's broken, what can cure
The bleeding heart that aches?

True love is sure to have a test,
To prove that it is true;
Though this is hard, it may be best,
To show what love can do.

Two hearts which do not understand
May suffer till they ache,
But suffering cements the band,
So that they do not break.

Mother's Prayers

THERE is a name which we all hold dear,
In memory's sacred shrine;
And fond recollection sheds a tear,
At thought of that Mother of mine.

Whenever we upon sin were bent,
If we were inclined to roam,
We knew that our Mother's prayers were sent.
And some day would bring us home.

And so we were often kept from sin
By respect for Mother's prayer,
For we felt sure she'd follow us in,
And reclaim us anywhere.

And when we heard dear Mother was dead,
We feared that we would be lost,
For there was no one then, as we said,
To save us at any cost.

And so we yielded unto the Lord,
In answer to Mother's prayers;
And some day she will have great reward.
Who followed us everywhere.

The Silence of Infinite Night

THE greatest power in all the earth
Works in a silent way;
The seed shoots upward from its birth,
And grows by night and day.

The earth revolves around the sun,
As noiseless as the light;
Its daily course is always run
In time—exactly right.

God made the world by one command,
He spake and it was done;
Up from the ocean rose the land;
He made the moon and sun.

Around the world thought swiftly flies,
And up to Heaven and back;
It moves as noiseless as day dies,
And leaves behind no track.

Blessed Quietness

O H the quietness,
Blessed quietness,
Since I learned to love God's will;
On the stormy seas,
Lashed by wintry breeze,
Jesus whispers, "Peace, be still!"

In the busy crowd,
'Mid the cursing loud,
Jesus folds me to His breast,
Saying, "Child of Mine,
Fear not nor repine,
But abide in Me—and rest."

Then a quiet peace,
Peace which does not cease—
Settles down upon my heart;
Peace which is of God—
Deep, prolonged, and broad—
Peace which never will depart.

When Life is Commonplace

HOW commonplace life often seems—
How different from childhood's dreams—
So full of hope and joy and cheer,
And growing brighter every year.

Our daily duties never change,
And move within a narrow range;
We rise and eat and toil and sleep,
And evermore this round we keep.

The people whom we daily meet,
As we go up and down the street—
We know them all and what they'll say,
"It is a fine or rainy day."

When Sunday comes, clothed in our best,
We do precisely like the rest;
We go to church and all shake hands,
And talk of weather, crops or lands.

Yes, life is commonplace, it's true,
Yet it is full of hope for you;
In scenes like these, God best can train
The noblest heart, the finest brain.

Then let us all be well content,
To take whatever God hath sent;
And out of this to let Him make
A noble life, for Jesus' sake.

Contentment

SAINST PAUL once used an epigram
Which Heaven must have sent:
"In whatsoever state I am,
I've learned to be content."

No wiser words were ever said,
Or better rule laid down;
If we adopt them we'll be led
To face a cross—and crown.

But Paul was more concerned to know
The will and work of God,
Than what the paths of fame might show,
Or which the wise have trod.

Lord, take away our discontent,
And teach us all our days,
To meet the trials which are sent,
With prayer, and grateful praise.

Delayed Answers

LORD, when our prayers do not prevail,
And all our expectations fail,
Awaken in us strong desires
To feed our dying altar fires.
Then will we still continue praise,
And watch our altars till they blaze.

And if our waiting should be long,
Let us not cease our hearty song.
And when God's tests have been endured,
And all His plans have been matured,
Then will He grant our heart's desire,
And lift our souls to planes much higher.

Then and Now

WHEN Jesus was born
In this world forlorn,
No room was found in the inn;
It is so to-day,
Men dislike His way,
For He tells them of their sin.

Wise men from the East,
Took place with the least,
And worshipped the Undefined;
But wise men to-day,
Quite often say
That He was like any child.

If His birth was like mine,
He was not Divine,
And His death means nothing to me;
I am still in sin,
No sweet peace within,
And no hope as one can see.

Some have gods of stone—
Some put on their throne
Fire-gods or some other kind;
But now men bow down
Their own wisdom crown,
And worship the "Modern mind."

If man was an ape,
There is no escape,
And no room is left for grace;
And fallible man,
By his own wise plan,
Has left for our God no place.

Golden Words

SUPPOSE we each took pains to say
To those we meet from day to day,
The kind things which we may have heard,
Which compliment their deed or word.

How many sad hearts would rejoice
And make reply in trembling voice;
How many eyes grow moist with tears,
As we poured balm into their ears.

And how much happier we'd feel
In always using words which heal;
Repeating tales which bear no sting,
But those which make the joybells ring.

Here is a gift which all can use,
And no sane person would refuse;
A gift which will enrich the heart,
And make us play a noble part.

If golden words make golden lives,
And each one diligently strives
With golden deeds to fill his days—
That soul deserves the highest praise.

Out and In

OUT of my darkness into Thy light,
Out of my weakness into Thy might,
Out of my errors into the Right,
Jesus, I come!

Out of repinings, day after day,
Out of concern for what others say,
Out of my own and into Thy way,
Jesus, I come!

The Ribbon on the Door

HOW startling is that simple band
Which everyone can understand;
We see the people come and go,
With all the marks of grief and woe—
The tear-stained face, the quiet tone,
The covered casket, sudden moan.
We know that death has come that way,
And all are shedding tears to-day.

And people passing on the street
Inquire of everyone they meet—
Until their quest is satisfied—
Until they know just who has died.
Sometimes the answer brings surprise,
A look of sadness—moistened eyes;
Why, that man came into my store
Just yesterday or day before!

No boy plays ball before that door,
Or tops or marbles as before;
But all move farther down the street
Regardless of the sun and heat;
For even boys can plainly see
That death and noise do not agree;
And so they talk in lower tone,
And leave the mourners with their own.

How quickly some folks will recall
The day when Jesus took their all;
That ribbon hung upon their door,
And told the world their hearts were sore.
Some day 'twill tell the world that we
Have passed into Eternity—
God's messenger has come our way,
And friends are shedding tears today.

Our Pillar and Cloud

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
God led a motley crowd;
By night He was a burning flame,
By day a shining cloud.

Before His host the Pillar went,
To guide them on their way;
But when it stood above the tent,
They rested on that day.

The Pillar which led on before
Once turned and stood behind;
It shone for Isr'el more and more,
But Egypt it did blind.

God leads His children in our day
In paths which are not dim;
Christ is the one sufficient Way,
And we all follow Him.

At Olivet Christ disappeared
Within a shining cloud;
But some glad day He'll reappear,
God's trumpet sounding loud.

Test and Trials

Life's tests and trials are for good,
Though often much misunderstood;
They test our faith and often show
How little of God's love we know.
They test our love and make quite plain
How much we'll bear and not complain;
How much we'll do for Jesus' sake,
How great a sacrifice we'll make.

“Not Anything but You”

THE preacher Spurgeon had this plan—
To lock his door to every man;
And spend three hours with God alone,
To plead and wrestle, sometimes groan.
No wonder he soon came to be
A preacher known from sea to sea;
His church was crowded to the door,
And ushers had to say, “No more.”

One day a gentle knock was heard,
And then again, and then a third,
But he did not unlock the door
Until he heard knock number four.
He said, as patient as he could:
“Come in,” and there before him stood,
His little girl of seven years;
“What do you want?” he asked, with fears.

The child climbed up into his arms,
And simply said, with childlike charm,
“Dear Daddie, if I tell you true,
I don’t want anything but *you*.”
This same response God longs to hear
From every child of His so dear.
Can you tell God, and speak quite true,
“I don’t want anything but *You*?”

A Hindering Wall

WHEN Christians wander from the Saviour’s side,
And walk in paths where they are sure to fall;
To save them from the evils that betide,
God raises up what seems a hind’ring wall.

And when they cannot pass what intervenes,
And in despair fall back upon the ground,
Then they begin to see just what it means,
For there before them—is the dear Lord found.

It is His will which hinders for their good,
Protecting them from evils great and sore;
And though His will may not be understood,
They live to praise Him for it evermore.

God's wise and gracious will surrounds us all,
Defending us from danger and from wrong;
A mighty fortress is this hind'ring wall,
And through Eternity 'twill be our song.

Comfort for One Bereaved

GOD sometimes seems to hide His face—
Blight all we undertake;
But as He sends sustaining grace,
We bend, but do not break.

God knows how much we love our own,
For He loved His Son, too;
And yet He took Him from His throne
To die for me and you.

Ah yes, God knows—I'm sure He knows—
He knows just how to make
Life's desert blossom as the rose,
And unknown praises wake.

Though death has caused us to shed tears,
And pierced us with his darts,
The memory of happy years
Brings comfort to our hearts.

Sabbath Rest

O DAY of all the week the best,
Which brings me to the Sabbath rest;
Which bids me lay my burdens down,
And gaze upon Christ's Cross and Crown.

God tells me in His blessed word,
To "Cast my burden on the Lord";
Which means that I should leave it there—
Not lift it up and once more bear.

The Cross on which Christ died for me—
Is all the cross I have, you see;
I glory in it all the time,
And gaze upon its Light sublime.

And if my life reveals Christ's Cross,
With all its shame, reproach and loss,
Then I shall also have a crown
Which at Christ's feet I will lay down.

For God hath made Him King of Kings,
And calls upon us all to sing:
"Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Thy Will Be Done

LORD, do not give me what I ask,
But quietly refuse
That which might hinder Thy great task,
Or which I might abuse.

For I am stubborn and self-willed,
And do not see the way;
Nor do I know my path is filled
With danger every day.

Dear Lord, each time I kneel to pray,
As long as life shall run,
Forgive me, if I fail to say,
"Thy will—not mine, be done."

Bright Christmas Day

GLAD Christmas day is almost here,
The happiest day of all the year;
The day we celebrate Christ's birth—
Who brought great joy to all the earth.

On Christmas day one often sends
Some taken of his love to friends;
Some choice remembrance of the day,
Be they at home or far away.

But while we give to those we love,
Do not forget the Lord above;
Of friends and dear ones we recall,
He has enriched us more than all.

Let Christians all—on land and sea,
Join in our Christmas Jubilee,
Till all the nations of the earth,
Shall celebrate the Saviour's birth.

To My Sweetheart

(On our fifty-second wedding anniversary)

GOD spends a summer on a rose
Which plays a simple rôle;
An age—upon each stream that flows
Forever—on a soul.

May you and I forever live
Like stars in yonder sky—
Enjoying all that Heav'n may give,
When earthly pleasures die.

My Idea of Heaven*

NO sickness is there, and no sorrow or pain,
Or anything causing a man to complain;
No darkness is there for there never is night,
And people live always in broadest daylight.
And labor is far from the principal thing,
But joy and rejoicing, for *there* they all sing;
Although they are busy, yet Scriptures do say,
That plenty of time is allowed them for play.

The people are not so afraid of the noise,
That anyone wishes to banish the boys;
The streets will be full of them, so we are told,
For Heaven is not designed just for the old.
And Heaven is not a great city alone;
With small crowded streets and high buildings of stone;
Green pastures are there, and still waters as well.
Of which the sweet Psalmist delighteth to tell.

The cool shady forest for which we all long,
With fragrant pine odor, and voices of song;
The perfume of flowers, the rustle of trees,
The babble of brooks and the hum of the bees.
If Jesus loves children and flowers and birds,
A Heaven without these would seem quite absurd;
All this is assured, when to Jesus we come,
For where we find Jesus—right there is our home.

To work and not weary, to think and not tire,
In carrying forward our Saviour's desire;
To ponder the wonders of God's mind and heart,
And then reproduce them—is our humble part.
Yes, Heaven is surely a wonderful place,
For there we shall see our Lord's glorified face—
And what is far better, we like Him shall be,
For this is His promise to you and to me.

* "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereon." (Zech. 8:5.)

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